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A BRIDGE WITH HUMAN PIERS! BRITISH TROOPS CROSSING A STREAM—AN INCIDENT OF THE FINAL ADVANCE BEFORE THE ARMISTICE.

Up to the very end of the fighting on the Western Front, before the Armistice was signed, the British troops fought their way onward with dauntless determination. No obstacle or difficulty was allowed to delay the advance for an instant. Here is an example of

their resource in overcoming a temporary hindrance. A stream had to be crossed, and in the absence of a bridge, a number of men entered the water and held up a plank over which their comrades crossed. The troops, it will be seen, were under fire at the time.

DRAWN BY H. W. KODKROK FROM A SKETCH BY GERALD C. HUDSON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THOSE who have never understood either the war or the peace are now everywhere telling us to forgive, in the sense of forget. But they miss the fact that there is really no question of forgetfulness. Nobody is going to forget that Verdun is battered or Belgium laid waste. No peasant returning to his village fails to notice that it happens to be a heap of stones. No peasant knocks at the front door that isn't there, or tries to sit on an invisible chair at an invisible table. The most absent-minded scholar does not look for a book in the library of Louvain. The most innocent inland rustic does not book a passage on the *Lusitania*. People, I hope, are not going to forget to rebuild their houses or re-till their fields in France or Flanders; architecture and agriculture are not lost arts. The question about reparation is therefore perfectly simple. It is not whether these things shall be remembered or forgotten; it is whether they shall be remembered only by the innocent and forgotten only by the guilty. It is not a question of reparation or no reparation; it is a question of imposing the labour of it on those who sinned or on those who suffered. Somebody will pay to rebuild the house that was burnt; if we do not punish the incendiary, we shall punish the householder. This moral point is childishly plain; but when it is urged the answer is, of course, to draw a distinction between the Prussian Government and the German people. But this contention also depends on a somewhat similar fallacy, which it will be well even now to note.

There is a very simple question to ask about how far most Germans had any responsibility for fighting. It is to ask how many Germans had any delicacy about winning. Many doubtless had an increasing dislike of losing, and have now a very full and final dislike of having lost. But all would agree that, whether or no the game was worth playing, it was certainly not worth losing. No Germans would have favoured the war if they had known that Germany would lose the war in the fourth year. The question is, how many Germans would have repudiated the war if Germany had won the war in the first week? If the sweep upon Paris had been successful, if the English enlistment had come too late, if Tannenberg had really disarmed Russia in the first few days of battle—in short, if Bernhardi's big plan had worked, and left Prussia mistress of the world, how many Germans would have reproached their rulers with their own triumph? Possibly one;

conceivably two; almost certainly not three. The victorious Prussian Government would have been popular if ever a Government was popular.

Common sense will take it for a fact, I think, that Germans would have unanimously welcomed a full German mastery of Europe. The great query of the future is whether they still desire what they so lately demanded, and whether they will again demand it. It is here that it is so vital to emphasise, as I have always tried to emphasise, the more fundamental nature of the Teutonic claim. It is not, and it never was, mere despotism or mere militarism. It is a much more deep, and in a sense a much more defensible, sophistry. It is, indeed, a denial of democratic equality; but what it denies is rather the equality of races than the equality of men. It was never so much the

of blood and iron would remain unchanged through all changes. It would be as easy for the most inhuman of States to organise processions of human fraternity as it was for the most unchivalrous of States to parade a pageant of all its orders of chivalry. If the savage has assumed the garb of mediæval Europe, he can assume the garb of modern Europe; he can do so much more easily, for his real power is a growth of modern times and not of mediæval times. And we must always remember, I repeat, that the thing that threatens us is not his mediævalism, but his modernism.

The economic and political ideal in which the North Germans are now supposed to find their future is not very alien to their past. Many mistakes may arise in this connection by talking, in a hearty but hazy fashion, about Bolshevism.

Bolshevism may be made to mean a great many things, including an honest human hatred of the oppression of the poor more remote from Berlin than from Babylon. In that sense we have all felt something that can truly be called Christian Socialism. But the thing involved here has a strict and special claim to be called heathen Socialism. It is not true that the peril threatened by the Prussian is Bolshevism. It is still true that the peril threatened by the Prussian is Prussianism. Nor does any social scheme contain more promise of Prussianism than the Marxian and materialistic type of Collectivism. The Prussian Socialism is a strict

State Socialism; in other words, the Prussians still believe in the divine right, or diabolic right, of the State. The theory remains that the State is the only absolute in morals—that is, that there is no appeal from it to God or man, to Christendom or conscience, to the individual or the family or the fellowship of all mankind. The very theory that was the ethical excuse of all their crimes in the past is the first principle of their political philosophy for the future. The fact is surely very relevant to the problem of any remaining menace from the Germans. In practice they cannot at present equip themselves with the power to attack Europe. But they have at least equipped themselves with a theory which is suitable for any such purpose. With their intellectual theories we are still at intellectual war, though we can all hope that it will remain an intellectual war. The conversion of Germany would doubtless be a greater thing than the conquest of Germany; but Germany must be converted to something more common to mankind than to one of the cold fancies of one of her own fantastic professors.



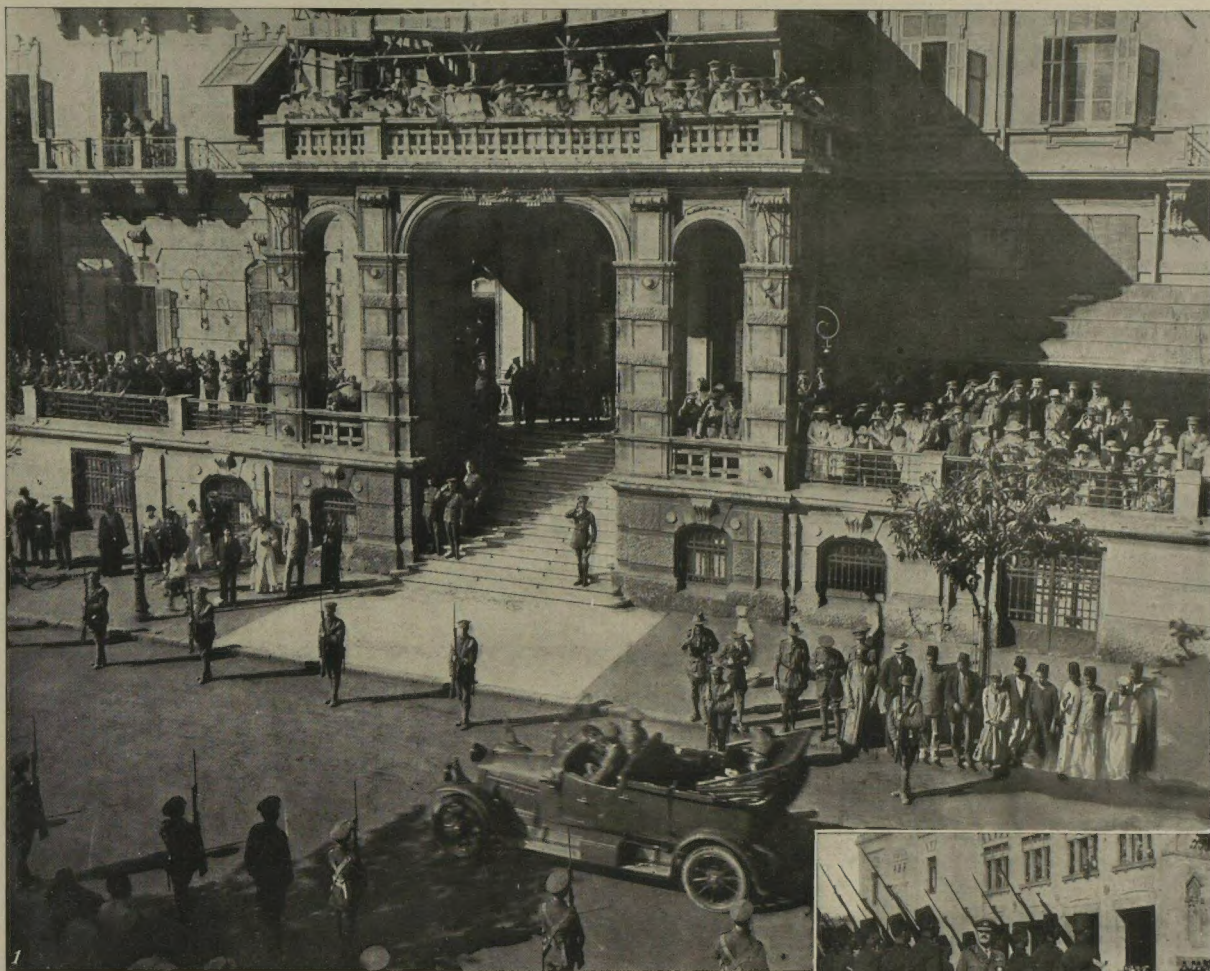
MARSHAL PÉTAIN RECEIVING HIS BÂTON FROM PRESIDENT POINCARÉ: A HISTORIC GATHERING OF ALLIED LEADERS AT METZ.

President Poincaré visited Metz on December 8 and presented to Marshal Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies, the bâton of his new rank. On the left (from left to right) are Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, General Pershing, General Gillain (Belgium), General Albrici (Italy), and General Haller.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

right of Hohenzollerns to rule Germans as the right of Germans to rule non-Germans. Now we can all see that race superiority is not inconsistent with a republic. We all know that negro slavery was not inconsistent with a republic. It is not inconsistent with State Socialism as professed by leaders of Prussian thought. It is certainly not so inconsistent with the Socialism they now profess as with the Christianity they used to profess. In some ways the new disguise would suit them much better than the old. It is no more difficult for a German President to invoke Humanity than for a German Emperor to invoke God. The king claimed God for the work of the most atheistic of kings, Frederick the Great. The professor may claim humanity for the work of the most inhuman of professors, Karl Marx. But the one kind of idealistic imposture is quite as easy as the other. In the cult of the Iron Cross, it was not difficult to remember the material and forget the shape. In the worship of the red cap of liberty, it would not be any harder to forget the shape and remember only the colour. By such a process the principle

THE VICTOR OF PALESTINE IN CAIRO: GENERAL ALLENBY'S WELCOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



1. GENERAL ALLENBY'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO CAIRO TO CELEBRATE THE PALESTINE VICTORY: HIS CAR PASSING GENERAL HEADQUARTERS (THE "SAVOY HOTEL).

General Sir Edmund Allenby, whose splendid victories over the Turks in Palestine not only liberated the Holy Land from their rule, but brought about the surrender of Turkey, had a great welcome in Cairo when he made a ceremonial entry on November 24. At

2. THE SULTAN'S BODYGUARD: GENERAL ALLENBY INSPECTING THEM.
3. ADDRESSING A GREAT GATHERING OF TROOPS IN LUNA PARK, HELIO-POLIS: GENERAL ALLENBY SPEAKING FROM THE PLATFORM.

the station a guard of honour was furnished by British troops, and the Sultan's bodyguard was also present. The procession through the city, which was gallily beflagged and lined with British troops, aroused immense enthusiasm. Aeroplanes in formation flew overhead.

THE FIRST U.S. PRESIDENT TO LAND IN EUROPE: MR. WILSON ARRIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, NEWS ILLUSTRATIONS CO., AND C.N.



WITH HER AERIAL ESCORT: THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON," WITH PRESIDENT WILSON ON BOARD, APPROACHING BREST.



LISTENING TO "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER": PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON AND GENERAL PERSHING (IN THE GROUP ON THE LEFT).



PASSING DOWN THE GANGWAY TO LAND AT BREST: PRESIDENT WILSON PRECEDED BY HIS WIFE.



WAITING TO WELCOME THEIR PRESIDENT: MISS FLORENCE HARRISON AND MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN FRANCE.



WITH A STARS AND STRIPES COSTUME PROMINENT: AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD WELCOMING PRESIDENT WILSON IN PARIS.



THE GENIAL SMILE THAT CAPTIVATED PARIS: PRESIDENT WILSON DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY WITH PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.

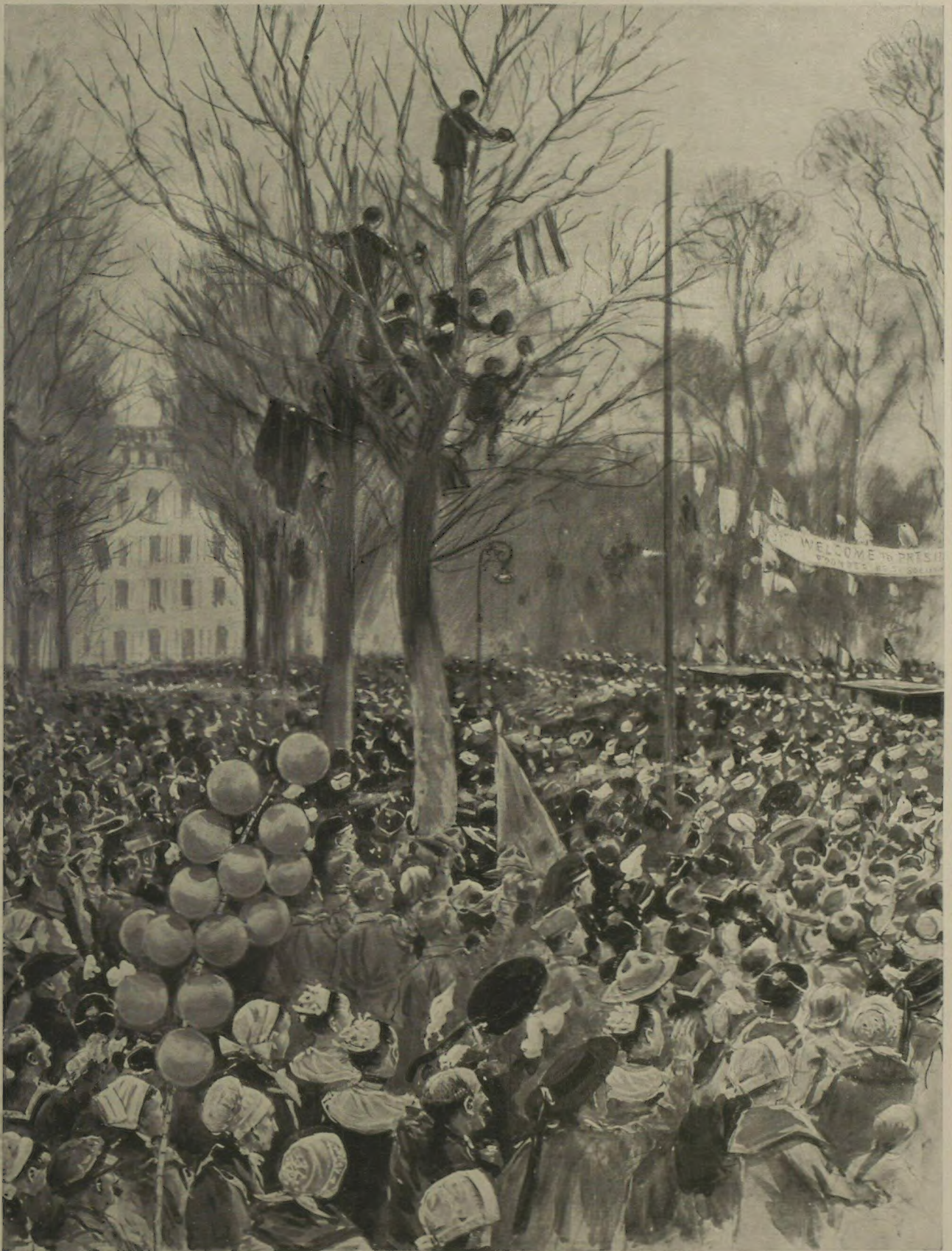
President Wilson's landing at Brest on December 13 was a unique occasion, for never before had a President of the United States, in his official capacity, set foot on European soil. Mr. Wilson, with his wife, crossed the Atlantic in the "George Washington," which arrived at Brest with an imposing naval and aerial escort. When she had come to her moorings, she was boarded by a party including the President's daughter, Miss Wilson, General Pershing, Colonel House, and M. Pichon. The President landed at 3.32 p.m.,

and, after being welcomed by French Ministers and the Mayor of Brest, drove to the station to travel to Paris. On the way he was greeted with immense enthusiasm by cheering crowds, among whom were large numbers of Erstton folk in their picturesque national costume. Our drawing on the right hand page shows the great throng in the Avenue du Cours Dajot, Brest, cheering the cars containing President Wilson and his party. The cars were flying the French and American flags. In Paris a still greater ovation

(Continued overleaf.)

LOST IN THE THRONG! PRESIDENT WILSON'S CAR CHEERED IN BREST.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



IN THEIR PICTURESQUE NATIONAL DRESS: BRETON PEASANT FOLK IN THE HUGE CROWD AT BREST, CHEERING PRESIDENT WILSON'S CAR ON HIS WAY TO THE STATION.

Continued. President Wilson won all hearts by the genial smiles with which he acknowledged the joyful acclamations of the people, as he drove through the streets with President Poincaré. In his speech at the Elysée luncheon he said: "I am sure that I shall look upon the ruin wrought by the Armies of the Central Empires with the same repulsion and

deep indignation that they stir in the hearts of men of France and Belgium, and I appreciate, as you do, Sir, the necessity of such action in the final settlement as will not only rebuke such acts, but make men everywhere aware that they cannot be ventured upon without the certainty of just punishment."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada].

THE GERMAN RETREAT FROM BELGIUM: THE EVACUATION OF LIÈGE.

LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY VERENIGDE FOTO-BUREAUX, AMSTERDAM.



1. PART OF AN ENDLESS LINE OF VEHICLES ON THE ROAD BACK TO GERMANY: A GERMAN OFFICER IN CHARGE OF A CONVOY.

After four years of German oppression, Belgium is free at last from the hated invader. These photographs illustrate the ignominious retreat of the once-arrogant hordes which committed in that country such unspeakable crimes. The name of Visé recalls the thrill of startled horror which was felt, in the first few days of the war, when the news of the German outrages there became known, although these were mild in comparison with

2. SHOWING, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS: GERMAN TROOPS IN THE PLACE ST. LAMBERT, LIÈGE, READY TO GO.

the later horrors of Dinant and Louvain, Aerschot and Termonde, and other places where the callous cruelty of the German character revealed itself to a world aghast. Nor did the nature of "the blonde beast" change as he was faced with defeat. "Brutes they are," as Mr. Ballour said, "and brutes they remain." The eminent Belgian writer M. Emile Cammaerts recently published some first-hand information regarding the last

(Continued opposite.)

GERMANS ABANDONING VISÉ: THE SCENE OF THEIR FIRST OUTRAGES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VEREENDE FOTO-BUREAU, AMSTERDAM; AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. WHERE THE GERMAN ARMY BEGAN ITS OUTRAGES IN BELGIUM: TROOPS OF THE VANQUISHED ENEMY MARCHING HOME FROM VISÉ.

Continued.
crimes committed by the German Army during the retreat through Belgium. Describing the German treatment of refugees from France, he writes: "Most of these people were taken by force from the region of Valenciennes in September and October last, and obliged to walk in the retreating columns, in order to hinder the fire of the Allied airmen who swept the roads with their machine-guns. Groups of 100 to 150 civilians or prisoners

2. SOME OF THEM CARRYING TWO OR THREE RIFLES TO SELL TO CIVILIANS: RETREATING GERMAN TROOPS IN A BELGIAN VILLAGE.

were placed after each unit, and any of them who attempted to escape was shot. They were not allowed to speak with the inhabitants of the villages on the way. At Marchiennes (Hainaut) a little girl, on her way back, handed one of the prisoners a piece of bread she was eating. She was shot. The accuracy of this report was ascertained by the Director of the

THE NATION'S NEW PICTURES.

(See Illustrations on Pages 832, 833.)

THE public has learned in the last four strenuous years to be thankful for small mercies in the matter of elegancies and luxuries of life. Even national art treasures have been rationed. It is very gratefully, therefore, that picture-lovers are mounting again the steps of the National Gallery in search of the war-time acquisitions which the Trustees have so promptly offered for inspection, although it may be impossible for a long time to come to restore the older glories of the collection to view.

For most visitors this is practically—though not quite—the first opportunity of seeing these new gifts and purchases. Several of them, however, are familiar enough by repute. The majority come in the Layard Bequest, and the real treasures in it were fully described recently, as they had been frequently before. Then again, when £9000 was paid (the National Art Collection Fund finding half) for Canon Sutton's Masaccio, there was considerable public discussion of the transaction; and so with one or two others during the war period. The Pieter de Hooch—perhaps the most vulnerable of them to criticism—is not, we note, presented on this occasion. It may also be remembered how the interest taken in the sale of the Degas Collection

in Paris, at the height of the war, drew attention to several works which, it turns out, were destined to find a home over here. The Ingres, Delacroix, Manet, and Corot examples came out of it.

In their temporary quarters, in the small Gallery XIX., these forty or fifty pictures, of course, are too cramped in wall-space, and associate too indiscriminately, for a perfectly adequate display of their quality. Gentile Bellini's magnificent "Adoration of the Magi" requires a more spacious setting for its subtle yet broad and impressive rhythm. The Hugo van der Goes Madonna ought to be given a certain seclusion in which to unfold its rare charm. Here we have romantic little designs by Tiepolo (the Building and the Procession of the Great Horse for Troy), and, close by, two exquisite others by Vittorio Carpaccio—one of them the curiously rich "St. Ursula Taking Farewell of her Parents"; Bramantino's "Adoration of the Magi," small and fine; and the large, broad, unfinished "Sacrifice of Isaac," by Piazzetta, the gift of Mr. R. C. Witt; the early and certainly most charming Vandyck, "Lady and Child," bought from Earl Brownlow for £10,000; and the well-known "Mrs. Bamfylde" of Sir Joshua Reynolds—well known, that is, through the

mezzotint by Thomas Watson—bequeathed by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild; while on the same walls with these is the group of moderns who among themselves—as between Ingres, say, with his "M. de Norvins," and Delacroix, with "Baron de Schwiter"—offer a contrast more marked than any between the painters here separated by centuries. Florentine and Venetian, early Netherland and late French, neighbouring one another thus, could not remain in accord permanently; but for the immediate purpose of this exhibition the incongruous juxtaposition has certain advantages. They will all be sorted out into their various schools.

The Gentile Bellini—the "Sultan Mohammed II.," as well as the splendid "Adoration of the Magi" already mentioned—will certainly be enduring attractions in a collection already rich in its representation of this master. The Madonna of Masaccio, the central panel of an altar-piece (remaining portions of which are in various Continental galleries), fills a gap that but for it must have remained always void. For the same reason the typical "M. de Norvins," by Ingres, powerful and masterly within its limitations, was well worth the £2800 paid for it, through generous Treasury aid, at the Degas sale.

THE POET WHO SHOULD COME.

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE young poets are very clever at inventing new bottles. But they do not fill them with new wine. One hears much of the realms of fresh poesy into which we are hurrying at the third speed of Mr. H. G. Wells's time-machine. Yet we do not get there, in spite of exceeding the historical speed-limit. Yet I live in the faith that just round the next corner we shall run, with a whirl of wheels like the beat of lifting wings, into the wide and wonderful demesne of the poet who should come. It would not surprise me at all if he turned out to be an old gentleman as painfully unexciting as the Daddy Wordsworth whom W. E. Henley, in a mood of majestic petulance, likened to a donkey looking over a gate and slowly moving his head this way and that.

This, at any rate, is certain—science will be the theme of his most admirable achievements. Science and labour, said the Lassalle who was made one of Meredith's "Tragic Comedians," are destined to revolutionise the world's life; and, Socialist though he was, he knew that the swift, sure evolution he had in mind would be the outcome of scientific discovery and invention. Most of the Labourites of to-day—especially those who "see red," like Lenin and Liebknecht and their disciples in this

country—regard machinery with suspicion as a means of perfecting the servitude of masses of mankind. But everybody who looks deeply into the true situation is sure that the progress of labour-saving appliances and processes, the results of the scientist's imagination, is the only means whereby humanity can be saved from splitting into two species as different from one another as the thoroughbred and the cart-horse, as the Morlocks and Elohims of Mr. Wells's first famous fantasy. So that for the modern world science is social salvation: the dynamo and other vast inventions are seen to have done more to save us than all the bright angels who danced so feely, so indefatigably, on the point of a needle in the Middle Ages. And the Poet Who Should Come, feeling that poetry is science, will tell us that the greatest singers and makers of to-day are those who add new members to the tremendous company of busy, untiring creatures who serve humanity, and do not prey on one another like living animals. I can imagine a poem of his in praise of the modern "makers" beginning thus—

Poets of power do now themselves reveal
In epic iron and in lyric steel;
In every engine exquisite that sings
The soul's new empire over soulless things.

Moreover, he will have visions of the deeper meanings of the mechanism of the sidereal cosmos. He will see the destruction of a world by collision reflected in countless eyes throughout the farthest reaches of the universe—

And so the dying torch of earth's last day
Flares and flickers down the Milky Way,
That undreamed skies of unknown worlds afar
May for a night be brighter by a star.

Coming from the infinite to the infinitesimal, he will celebrate an attack of the "flu" as a battle between microbes and leucocytes larger and more ruthless than any of mankind's great wars—

Billions with billions wildly wrought,
Unarmed, uncaptured, and untaught;
For them no flaring battle-cry,
No flaming battles lost on high.

He will see lives, intelligent beings, even in the white fixed stars formed by the combinations (resembling the carbon compounds of earth) of the elder elements; and see intelligence emerging from the clouds of Saturn—

A voice of windlost sparks had he,
And called his Moons by name.

Science is salvation, is poetry for us all. And the first poet who realises that poetically will be sure of his place among the new immortals.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

DR. WOODROW WILSON, twenty-eighth President of the United States, was born at Staunton, Virginia, and will be sixty-two three days after Christmas. He is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, and of Jessie W. (Woodrow) Wilson, and is of Scotch-Irish ancestry on both sides. He was born in the manse, and his early life was influenced by the parental teaching. He was educated at Davidson College, North Carolina, 1874-5, and at Princeton University, from which he graduated in 1879. He then commenced the study of law at the University of Virginia, from which he graduated in 1881. He practised law at Atlanta, Georgia, from 1882 to 1883, but the practice of it proved less to his taste than its principles, and, after devoting two years (1883-5) to post-graduate work at Johns-Hopkins University, he became Associate Professor of History and Political Economy at Bryn Mawr College, and held this post from 1885 to 1888, when he became Professor of the same subjects at the Wesleyan University.

Dr. Wilson went to Princeton University (New Jersey), whose Professor of Juris-Political Economy he became in 1891, 1902, he took over its pre-

sidency—the plum of the scholastic profession in America. But Fortune was hurrying him on to greater destinies—largely due, no doubt, to his studies in history and biography, including a Life of George Washington and a history in five volumes of the American people. On Jan. 17, 1911, he became the Democratic Governor of New Jersey. If there is a regular training ground for Presidents, it is surely in the Governorships of States, but the records show a pleasing variety in their origin and education: Presidents are trained everywhere and by divers means.

Dr. Wilson achieved success as Governor of New Jersey because of his clean and steadfast energy in reforms, and his ability to conciliate opponents. As a Democrat, he stood for freedom from the oppression of a high tariff and the Trusts, and for a sound currency; but in the politics of the State he steered a middle course, and associated himself with reforms that were acceptable to all parties. His practical reforming zeal has been shown, too, in his present office, where he has initiated bold domestic legislation resulting in the creation of the Federal Reserve Bank, of land banks, and of an organised system of teaching agriculture.

Dr. Wilson went straight from the Governorship of New Jersey to the Presidency, having been nominated in the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912, and elected on Nov. 4, same year, for term March 4, 1913—March 4, 1917. His victory was sweeping. He received 435 electoral votes, Theodore Roosevelt (the Progressive nominee) receiving 88 votes, and William Howard Taft (the former President and Republican nominee) receiving 8 votes in the Electoral College.

Dr. Wilson was renominated at the Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1916, and re-elected Nov. 7 same year, this time receiving 277 electoral votes, his Republican opponent, Charles Evan Hughes, receiving 254.

An ardent admirer of his great predecessor in the Presidency, Abraham Lincoln, Dr. Wilson resembles too the rugged and splendid figure of the Civil War in his habit of solitary thought. In moments of crisis he withdraws from the crowd to the solitude of his study, or goes for a lonely walk in which he has opportunity for reflection. He is possibly the only chief of State who personally prepares his speeches and important despatches with the aid of shorthand and the typewriter.

"THAT SPIRIT WHICH IS PARIS TO-DAY": A SCULPTOR'S EMBODIMENT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VIZZANOVA



TO COMMEMORATE THE CITY'S HEROIC BEARING DURING THE WAR: "PARIS, 1914-1918," A SYMBOLIC STATUE
BY THE FAMOUS FRENCH SCULPTOR, ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ.

This fine work by M. Bartholomé gives effect to a scheme instituted by the Paris paper "Le Petit Parisien" to commemorate the city's heroic bearing under the stress of war. As the King said in acknowledging his recent welcome there: "The confidence of the people in ultimate victory has never been shaken." When victory at length came, Paris was uplifted by a sense of exaltation. Her mood was well expressed by Mr. Perceval Landon in his account of the scenes on Armistice Day: "There is no way in which to

set down the tremendous force of that spirit which is Paris to-day. For she has never been less material. The spirit is all. Do what she may in declamation in the crowds and in the cheering, no one knows better than Paris that all those external things are as nothing to the soul's resurrection." What the writer found hard to express in language the sculptor has been able to reveal by the eloquence of attitude and gesture, in his symbolic personification of the indomitable city.

NOW FIRST EXHIBITED: THE NATION'S ART ACQUISITIONS DURING WAR.



BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: PORTRAIT OF LADY BAMPFYLDE.



BY GENTILE BELLINI: SULTAN MOHAMMED II.



BY EDOUARD MANET: MME. MANET WITH A CAT.



BY J. A. D. INGRES: PORTRAIT OF M. DE NORVINS.

During the war the Trustees of the National Gallery acquired a number of pictures for the national collections, either by gift, bequest, or purchase; and forty of these new art treasures were recently placed on view to the public for the first time. The Exhibition was opened in Room 19 on December 5. The portrait of Lady Bampfylde, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was bequeathed to the Nation by the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. It is

well known by the eighteenth-century mezzotint of it by Thomas Watson. The picture by Gentile Bellini of Sultan Mohammed II., who captured Constantinople in 1453, is one of the most interesting historical portraits in existence. Bellini was invited from Venice to Constantinople to paint the famous Sultan just after he had taken the latter city. Manet, the pioneer of Impressionism, is represented by a portrait of his wife

(Continued opposite)

ON VIEW AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: PICTURES ACQUIRED DURING WAR.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF COROT AMONG THE NEWLY ACQUIRED PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY:
"THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT."



BY A NORTH ITALIAN MASTER: "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST BETWEEN CARDINAL ZENO AND CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA,"
BY BARTOLOMMEO MONTAGNA.

[Continued.]

nursing a cat, done in his characteristic manner. The splendid "Portrait of M. de Norvins," by J. A. D. Ingres, painted in 1813, is one of that famous French artist's masterpieces. It belongs to an important phase of French art previously unrepresented in Trafalgar Square. "The Claudian Aqueduct," by J. B. C. Corot, is an almost perfect example of that master's earlier manner. The picture of St. John the Baptist, with

Cardinal Zeno and Catherine of Alexandria, by Bartolommeo Montagna, is an important example of the work of that Italian master—not to be confused, by the way, with his more celebrated contemporary, Andrea Mantegna. Bartolommeo Montagna was born at Orzo Novi, in Brescia, between 1450 and 1460, and died in 1523. His subjects were all religious. In 1502 he painted a Madonna for the cathedral of Vicenza to the order of Cardinal Zeno



CIVIL AERIAL TRANSPORT.—I.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

AT long last the Report—or rather the Reports—of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee (with Appendices) have appeared, and a portentous tome they form. Eighty-three foolscap pages of fairly closely printed matter, and great value to the public at ninepence a copy from any bookseller simply as paper, but considerably more problematical in value to the earnest seeker after aeronautical truth. Nevertheless, as these Reports will no doubt form the basis of all our future aero-

so evidently the "trade" was not too heavily represented, considering its importance in the scheme of post-war flying.

Lord Northcliffe was appointed Chairman of the Main Committee; but, owing to his going to America on a special mission, he was absent from England during most of the Committee's existence, and the chair was taken by Major J. M. Baird, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Air Ministry.

Many passages in the original Reports and Appendices, being of a confidential nature, are not made public, but are locked in the archives of the Air Ministry. However, there is plenty left to afford food for thought, the said thoughts being both complimentary and uncomplimentary to the Committee; for, though much of the matter is very sound common-sense, there is a great deal which is likely to raise a quiet smile among those who have had experience of practical aeronautics for the past seven or eight years.

The first overt act of the Committee, so to speak, was to issue to the Air Ministry—though not to the mere public—on Feb. 7, 1918, an Interim Report as to the international aspect of civil aerial transport. This Interim Report included a report of Special Committee No. 1—that dealing with questions of law and policy. The Main Report devotes itself almost entirely to the ownership of the air—otherwise the "Freedom of the Air," of which we may hear as much in the future as we have heard in the past of the Freedom of the Seas.

The Committee points out very sensibly that "the argument for the doctrine of State sovereignty of the air space *usque ad coelum* is in the main a military one," and that the doctrine of the "freedom of the air" above a certain height would in time of war give rise to the most embarrassing questions for neutral States. As the Report says, "They would be exposed to the risk of having aerial battles fought over their territory, without being able to claim that their neutrality had been infringed." As a matter of fact, there has been in this war quite an amount of air fighting over that corner of Holland which projects into Belgium to the south of the mouth of the Scheldt, and on several occasions bombs have fallen in that patch of country, so it is just as well to lay it down that air, as well as land and sea, is neutral; otherwise, we should certainly have battles fought in the air on purpose over neutral ground, so that aviators who were brought down would be interned instead of being taken prisoners. And that would

mean machines shot down in flames falling, including bombs and ammunition, into neutral towns, which would be distinctly embarrassing for the inhabitants.

Also it was pointed out that "freedom of the air" would afford too much opportunity for aerial espionage. With which everyone who has seen the wonderful results achieved with aerial photographs taken from a height of 15,000 to 20,000 feet will fully agree. On the whole, the Report makes it quite clear that there can be no "territorial limit" in the air as is the case at sea, but that each State must own the air above it from the ground to heaven—or, at any rate, to what is now officially known as the "ceiling" of any existing aircraft. What happens above that height is of no particular interest to anybody.

In this decision the Committee of 1918 finds itself substantially in agreement with the terms drawn up by an International Convention held in Paris in 1910. Here it is particularly interesting to note that the German representatives at this Paris Conference pressed that, as a matter of acknowledged international law, foreign aircraft should be given the right to fly at will over the territory of any other State. The reason for this attitude on the part of the Germans in 1910 is fairly obvious. At that time their Zeppelin airships were already doing cruises of 500 to 600 miles in length, and quite frequently passed over corners of other countries without asking for leave. For example, before the war Zeppelins had flown over parts of Switzerland, Austria, Denmark, and Holland without permission; and it is still doubtful whether the strange airship which visited this country in 1912 was not a Zeppelin which had come over France. If it was not German, it was certainly French, for it was not one of our own.

Aeroplanes at the time (1910) could not fly more than 100 miles or so at a stretch, and then only at a very moderate height, and so were not likely to go on espionage voyages over foreign



THE FIRST BATCH: GERMAN AEROPLANES SURRENDERED TO THE ALLIES.
AT HABAY.—[French Official.]

nautical conduct, it seems to be a matter of duty to dissect them and discuss them.

The Committee itself, which was appointed on May 22, 1917, was an enormous affair, and—including certain gentlemen who were co-opted during the year for special committees, and were appointed members of the Main Committee in December 1917—there are sixty-four names on the list. Even the original Committee consisted of thirty-seven members, and naturally it was found that such a number was too big to work efficiently. Consequently, it split itself up into five "Special Committees," each of which dealt with a special phase of civil aerial transport. These were as follows: (1) Questions of law and policy; (2) Technical and practical questions as to the possibilities of performance of aircraft, and as to the requirements of aerial services; (3) Business questions relating to the position of the aircraft manufacturing industry after the war, and the establishment of aerial transport services; (4) Questions of labour arising in the aircraft manufacturing industry and in aerial transport services; (5) Problems of scientific research, and the special education of expert designers, engineers, and pilots.

Each of these various Special Committees included members of the Main Committee who were regarded as "experts," and a certain number of experts from outside were co-opted by each Special Committee itself. The original Committee included, besides representatives of the Air Board (which later became the Air Ministry), representatives of the Home Office, Foreign Office, Customs and Excise, India Office, General Post Office, Board of Trade, Meteorological Office, and Admiralty—but not, curiously enough, a representative of the War Office as such. There were also representatives of New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and South Africa. Central Africa, West Africa, and the West Indies were not represented separately, and were presumably left to the care of the Colonial Office. The representatives of the Royal Aero Club, the Aeronautical Society, and of the aircraft industry made up the rest of the number, the last-mentioned being ten in number,

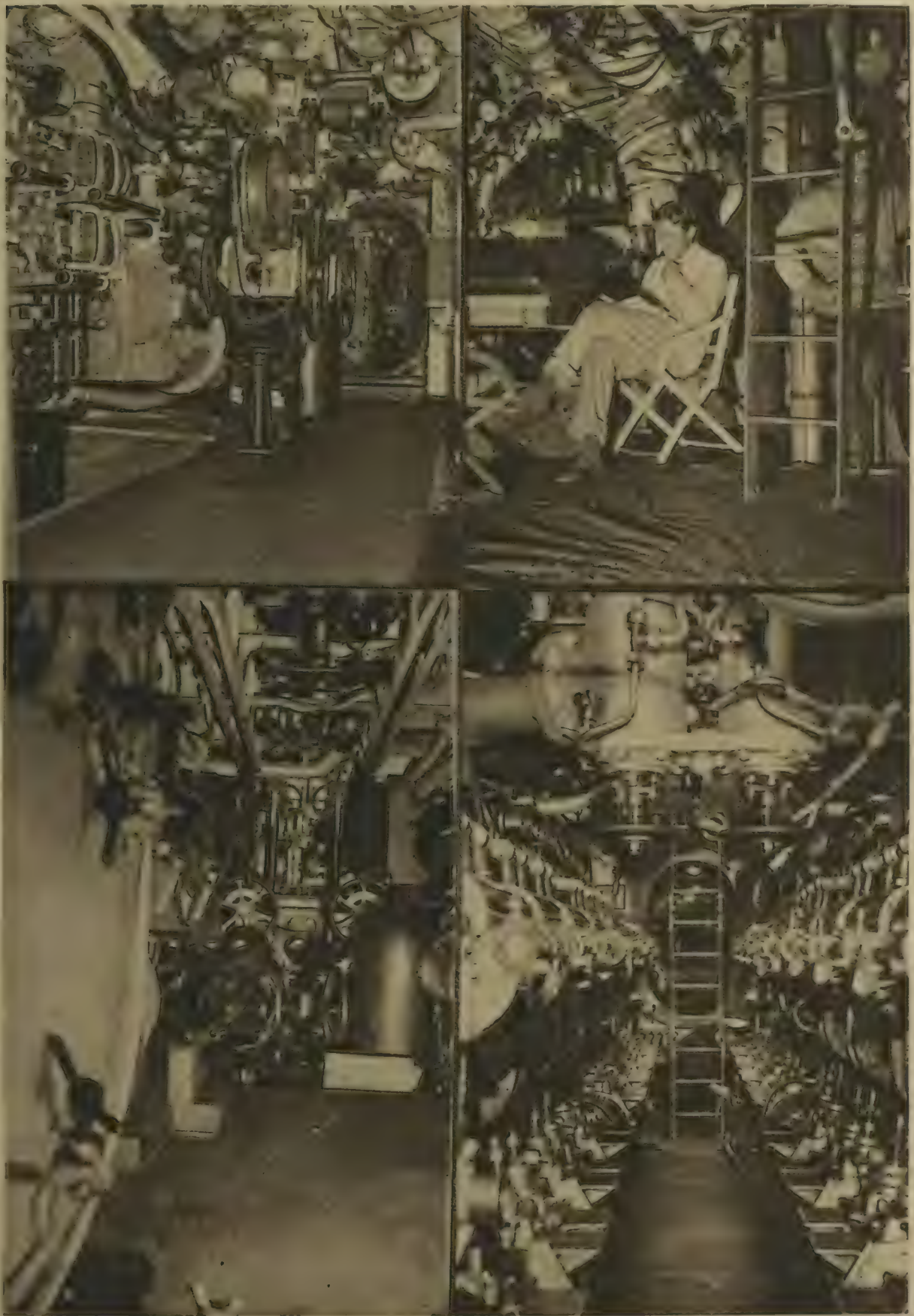


ON ARRIVAL, FOR SURRENDER TO THE ALLIES: GERMAN AEROPLANES AT HABAY.
French Official.

territory; whereas that was exactly what best suited the German airships. Hence the attitude of the German delegates at the Paris Convention. We know a little more about the possibilities of aircraft in these days, so, no matter how affectionate the peoples in the promised League of Nations may be towards one another, it is to be hoped that each will remain master of its own air, as of its own land and sea; but at the same time it is to be hoped that each nation will be generous in the matter of aerial passports, so that Civil Aerial Transport may not be hindered. (To be continued.)

LIFE BELOW SEA: COMPLICATED SUBMARINE INTERIORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU



THE MECHANICAL MARVELS OF OUR UNDER-WATER CRAFT: THE INSIDE OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE.

Though, externally, the hull of a submarine when closed for diving is, apart from the conning-tower, almost as plain as a whale, the interior contains what, to the uninitiated, seems a hopelessly bewildering array of intricate mechanism. Of its general appearance the photographs reproduced above give a typical example. They were taken inside a British submarine, and they will enable the landsman to form some dim idea of what

it means to lead a life below the ocean wave. From the upper illustration on the right, showing an officer enjoying a quiet half-hour with a book, it may be gathered that, in the larger boats, there is some provision for the amenities of life. Even so, however, the accommodation looks none too spacious, and the work of the ship seems to be going on around him.

"CEASE FIRING!"—THE R.F.A.'S LAST ROUND: A DRAMATIC MOMENT NEAR MONS.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE GRINEAU.



THE BRITISH ARTILLERY'S PARTING SHOTS BEFORE THE ARMISTICE: AN ADVANCED SECTION OF THE R.F.A. FIRING THEIR LAST ROUND AT THE RETREATING GERMANS ON THE MONS-CHARLEROI ROAD.

The order "Cease Firing!" was given at 11 a.m. on November 11, the day of the Armistice. It was an intensely dramatic moment, especially where the artillery was in action at the time. The drawing illustrates one such moment where an advanced section of the R.F.A., near Mons, was firing at the retreating enemy on the Mons-Charleroi Road. The gun in the centre—an 18-pounder, is seen at the moment of recoil after a shot had been fired. One of its crew (No. 1) is sitting on the trail to steady

it. A second man is waiting to insert another shell in the breech, while to the right stands a signaller. The officer in command, on horseback, is looking at his watch while the fateful seconds run out, with hand uplifted ready to give the order to "cease firing!" A second 18-pounder gun is seen in the background beyond the railway line. The German notice-board on the right reads "Achtung Eisenbahn" (Beware Railway), a warning to troops or traffic.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"LOTTE" UNSOLD: AN ABANDONED GERMAN GUN OFFERED FOR SALE AT 50 MARKS!

DRAWN BY CHARLES DE GRINEAU.



ABANDONED BY THE ENEMY IN THEIR RETREAT ON THE WAY TO NAMUR: AN 8-INCH HOWITZER NAMED "LOTTE," WITH GERMAN STRAGGLERS WHO TRIED TO SELL IT.

An amusing incident is told in connection with this German howitzer, which passed into the hands of British troops in the advance to Namur shortly after the termination of hostilities. Four stragglers of the retreating enemy force are reported to have offered to sell the gun, which bore the appropriate name of "Lotte," for the sum of fifty marks! Presumably the offer was made to civilians in the locality; but, needless to say, no business resulted. The howitzer, with its limber and train, is here seen in an

avoué in the grounds of the Château de Presles. It may be recalled that Sir Douglas Haig reported on November 22: "Yesterday evening our advanced detachments occupied Namur and crossed the Meuse south of that town. To-day our march has been continued on the whole front. . . . Some hundreds of German guns and a number of machine-guns and trench-mortars passed into our possession in the course of our advance yesterday."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"ALL CLEAR": A TYPICAL SCENE AS THE GERMANS RETREATED FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY CHARLES DE GRINEAU.



INHABITANTS HOISTING WHITE FLAGS AS A SIGN TO THE ADVANCING BRITISH: THE ENEMY'S DEPARTURE FROM BAVAI GERMAN SOLDIERS RETREATING WITH BAGS OF LOOT.

Bavai was one of the last places to be captured by the British forces before the Armistice. On November 6 the Germans made a counter-attack near the village, and were repulsed with heavy loss. On the 7th Sir Douglas Haig reported: "Our troops to-day continued their advance steadily on the whole front south of the Mons—Condé Canal. . . . (North of the River Sambre). Bavai is in our hands, and our troops have made progress to the east of the town." The drawing is typical of the scenes which occurred on such occasions. Two white flags are seen being hoisted on roofs by inhabitants, as a signal to the British that the enemy are leaving. On the road below are some German soldiers

hurrying away loaded with loot. The notice-board on the left says (in German) "Beware Railway." Writing on November 7, Mr. Philip Gibbs says: "Our very gallant men, who have gone so long and so far along the road to victory, which now seems just ahead, at the turn of road, are still pursuing an enemy in retreat. They are well on the other side of the Sambre . . . and are fighting about Bavai, where yesterday evening heavy counter-attacks were repulsed with grave losses to the Germans. The enemy is retiring behind a screen of rear-guards, who here and there are trying to check our troops by machine-gun fire." [Engraving Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



THE ARABIAN ALCHEMIST



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' DOORS ON CHEMISTRY BURN'T BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA TREATISE ON MEDICINE: RHAZES, THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN

NOW that the three ogres, Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death, have been laid low, the Spirit of Christmas has the field to itself again, though in many a home that same spirit will but add poignancy to the grief already brooding there. But, since the Christmas festival has come to be inseparably associated with feasting on an unusually liberal scale, we shall this year have to fill up our bill-of-fare with the prospect of Christmases yet to come.

But this restraint may be good for us. The Christmas feasting has its roots in the old-time belief that a great appetite is a fine thing, and that the more you can eat the stronger and better you are. This tradition can be traced back to the days of our rude forefathers of the Stone Age—for they, like the savage races of to-day, had accustomed themselves to enforced periods of "rationing" and orgies of meat-eating, when some big beast was killed. Then the strongest among them ate most, and so were fortified against the succeeding period of shortage, and hence secured again the lion's share when the next occasion for a feast presented itself. The amazing quantity of meat which the negroes of Central Africa can eat has been described time and again by European sportsmen. A case is on record where twenty-three elephants, killed by an ivory-hunter, were demolished in the space of a few days. The whole countryside flocked to the feast, and "gorged" to their hearts' content. But, as a consequence, many died from the surfeit; whilst others took weeks to recover. But this was an extreme case, for such a haul of great carcasses as this could only have been made with the aid of modern rifles.

In the early days of "Merrie England," before root-crops came into cultivation, it was impossible to keep a large herd of cattle through the winter. Hence, just before Christmas, large numbers were slaughtered and salted for consumption through the winter, and this contributed not a little to nurse the spirit of Christmas feasting, for just about this time there was an excess of fresh meat. Indeed, we have always been a beef-eating people. Meat formed an item in every meal, and at feast-times found its way even into the mince-pies. It may be held, indeed, that the modern mince-pie is but a degenerate survival. Nowadays we eat sweet fruits only with certain kinds of meat—as red-currant jelly with roast mutton

CHRISTMAS FARE—HOME GROWN.

and hare, and apple-sauce with roast pork and goose. In Germany to this day pickled plums,

and raw herring on my plate at the same time, as happened once in Trier.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the turkey was added to our Christmas bill-of-fare, and a very welcome addition it has proved—so much so that in popularity it has superseded the "Roast Beef of Old England." Those of us who are fortunate enough to secure a turkey this year may be tolerably certain that it is a home-grown bird, for it is unlikely that it will be possible to import birds from overseas. Hitherto vast numbers have come to us at this season from abroad. But, since the imperative need of being self-supporting in the matter of our food-supplies has been brought home to us, it would be well if in future we contrived to raise our own—more especially since we are striving to find ways and means for those maimed in our wars.

To the raising of turkeys might well be added goose-farming. Of late years these also have been imported, largely from Ireland, whence the birds are brought with needless cruelty, due to over-crowding. Time was when geese were raised here in England in thousands, and it might well be so again. The Fen-country formed the head quarters of this industry, where it was no uncommon thing for a man to keep a stock of a thousand, each of which might rear, on an average, seven goslings. The flocks were regularly taken to pasture and water just as sheep are, and the man who tended them was known as the "goose-herd"—or, in its corrupted form, as the "gozzerd." These unfortunate birds were plucked alive, five times a year, and in autumn they were driven to London or other large markets, travelling at the rate of a mile an hour, and ten miles in the day. The feathers of these birds would still be valuable, though the barbarous methods of gleaning the harvest then in use are no longer permissible.

There can be no doubt that we have in the past neglected great opportunities in this matter of raising poultry, pigeons, and rabbits, for the demand is steady. The money now spent in importing food of this kind might well be directed into our own pockets, to the great benefit of our people. Doubtless there are difficulties to be overcome in translating this suggestion into action, but they are not insuperable.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



WHERE THE CREW OF A "BIG BERTHA" SHELTERED: THE ENTRANCE OF A CONCRETE GERMAN DUG-OUT AT CRÉPY-EN-LAONNOIS.

French Official Photograph.

and cherries are eaten with meat. The combination is well enough, as I know from experience; but I drew the line at roast mutton, pickled

lings. The flocks were regularly taken to pasture and water just as sheep are, and the man who tended them was known as the "goose-herd"—



RELICS OF A "BIG BERTHA" AT CRÉPY-EN-LAONNOIS: THE PLATFORM OF ONE OF THE MONSTER GERMAN LONG-RANGE GUNS.

It was reported that among the 5000 German guns to be surrendered in accordance with the Armistice would be one of the "Big Berthas" used to bombard Paris at long range. The emplacement of one of these monster pieces was found at Crépy-en-Laonnois, with an adjoining concrete dug-out for its crew, beside a railway line by which it could be supplied with ammunition.

French Official Photograph.

ITALY'S TRIUMPH: THE ADVANCE INTO AUSTRIA; IN LIBERATED TRIESTE.

DRAWN BY H. V. KOKKOK FROM SKETCHES BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.



ADVANCING WITH FLAGS FLYING AMONG SNOW-COVERED DÉBRIS OF THE ENEMY'S RETREAT: THE ITALIAN ARMY'S OCCUPATION OF AUSTRIAN TERRITORY—ON THE ROAD TO POSTUMIA.



THE REPATRIATION OF ITALIAN PRISONERS OF WAR FROM AUSTRIA: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THEIR ENCLOSURE NEAR THE DOCKS IN TRIESTE, AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE ITALIANS

In their great victory which brought about the surrender of Austria and the fall of Trieste, it will be recalled, the Italians took 300,000 prisoners and 5000 guns. In a note on his sketch for the upper illustration, Mr. Julius Price says: "Winter has already set in; it is bitterly cold and snow is falling everywhere; but the victorious Italian Army, with flags flying, presses on without a pause. On all sides one sees signs of the precipitous retreat of the Austrians—abandoned waggons, broken-down guns, limbers, piles of munitions—showing that all the pomp and circumstance of war." (Of the lower subject, he writes:

"Whilst waiting to be taken back to Italy all prisoners from Austria are kept in a big enclosure near the dock where lies the ship to convey them. This has been found necessary owing to the food conditions in the city. On the arrival of a fresh contingent, the railings are besieged by people of all classes. . . . The men are all in rags, and look more like beggars than soldiers, and all bear evident traces of their privations. They are pathetically grateful for any little kindness shown them. There were two British officers in the crowd when I made the sketch."—[Drawings Copyrighted to the United States and Canada.]

CAUGHT RED-HANDED: GERMAN LOOTERS CAPTURED BY BRITISH TROOPS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



COMPELLED TO RESTORE STOLEN GOODS TO THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNERS: GERMAN SOLDIERS WITH A CART-LOAD OF LOOT CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

Up to the very end of hostilities the German Army maintained its reputation for wholesale looting, which had been practised both by its officers and men throughout the war. Our drawing shows a typical scene, during the final operations on the Western Front, on the entry of advancing British troops into a recaptured French village. Some of the enemy who had stayed too long on their nefarious work were caught red-handed with a whole cart-load of loot, boxes, and hampers full of clocks, ornaments, quilts,

cruet-stands, wine, and much other portable French property. Our men promptly removed all the stolen goods from the thieves, and returned them to their rightful owners. The question of the restoration by Germany of more important loot taken from occupied towns, in the shape of documents, securities, specie, machinery, and works of art, was recently the subject of a report to the French Minister of Finance from the Sub-Financial Committee of the Armistice Commission at Spa.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Quality!

You cannot see quality, but you can taste it in Bird's Custard. It means more nourishment from the same amount of food.

During the War, many qualities have fallen, but it is not so with Bird's Custard. Its super-excellence has never varied. A distinguished scientist recently paid

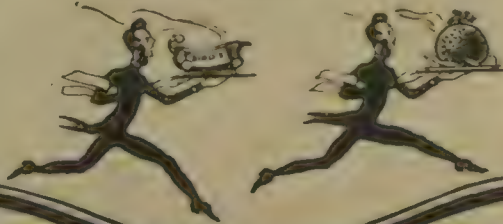
BIRD'S CUSTARD

an impressive tribute. He proved that it adds 25% to the nutritive value of milk, and described this as "A very high achievement."

Milk is very precious nowadays, therefore put it to the best use by having Bird's Custard at all meals.

Serve Bird's Custard with all puddings, boiled or baked. Its rich creaminess banishes War-time dulness, making the plainest pudding a delightful treat.

*Whisk your Bird's Custard.
Delicious as cream with tarts.*



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ORIGINALITY of design, combined with taste. Exclusive and beautiful work at strictly moderate prices for cash.

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Illustrated Lists of Rings (with size card), Jewellery, Pocket, Wristlet, or Bracelet Watches, &c., post free.

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DATE TURNOVER.

Dates are a War-time standby; they have proved a splendid substitute for dried fruit in cooking and also a valuable sugar saver.

The Date Turnovers made from this recipe are substantial and delicious; they are eagerly sought for by the children for lunch or tea. Notice this recipe saves flour:

RECIPE.

Half lb. flour. 1 oz. "Paisley Flour."
4 oz. rolled oats or oatmeal. 1 teaspoon sugar.
3 oz. chopped dates (or figs, raisins and other dried fruit).

Sift the flours and sugar together, add the oats, and work in the fat lightly. Moisten with slightly warm water, and roll out thinly. Cut into rounds, put a layer of finely chopped fruit on each, and fold into turnovers. Bake in a moderate oven.

"Paisley Flour"

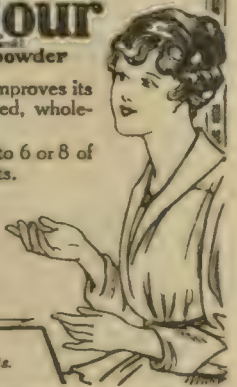
The SURE raising powder

adds to the bulk of War flour, improves its quality, and ensures well raised, wholesome bakings.

'Paisley' added one part to 6 or 8 of War flour gives splendid results.



Packets, 1/7, 10d. and 5d.
Economise by buying the large packets.



EXPORT.

The Export of Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour and "Paisley Flour," perforce curtailed during the War, will be resumed throughout the world as early as possible.

The Armistice and Wolsey

Although an Armistice has been declared it does not follow that machines engaged in the making of underwear for the troops can be suddenly diverted to the making of Wolsey. The troops in the field must still be clothed. And wool is scarce; although it costs more than ever before, there is no sounder economy than to insist on Wolsey. Prevention is better than cure—Wolsey Underwear saves many a doctor's bill.

Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

The makers are anxious that all who have worn Wolsey in the past should be able to get it in the future. Ask your dealer, therefore, to reserve your needs from his next deliveries.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO.,
LEICESTER.



LADIES' NEWS.

THE QUEEN visited the Exhibition of Dolls for the Children's Jewel Fund at Sunderland House, intending to spend half-an-hour there; but the fascinating little people beguiled her Majesty into a longer visit. Very handsome did the royal lady look, wearing a long coat of bronze-brown velvet, trimmed with dark fur, and just a light touch of dull-gold embroidery. A silver fox-collar and muff, and a hat of velvet, like the dress, completed the costume—the hat-brim of deep wine-purple leaves. The Duchess of Marlborough, wearing a very graceful black dress, in alternate large checks of shiny and dull silk, and a particularly pretty toque—went round with the Queen; also Adèle, Lady Essex, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Tree, and Lady Alexander. Adeline Duchess of Bedford joined the party, and Lady Mary Trefusis was in attendance on the Queen.

To the Ladies in charge of every section her Majesty had something pleasant to say. Lady (Arthur) Paget, at the Army section, heard how extraordinarily perfect it appeared; and a quaint smile lit up the Queen's face when she saw the Prince of Wales in miniature—very much in miniature, for these are quite small dolls. It was, she said, quite a good likeness. A member of the American Embassy circle, who has not met the Queen for seven years, was as much astonished as delighted to be remembered, as she showed her beautiful scene of George and Martha Washington, at Mount Vernon, surrounded by a typical company. Of Mrs. Oscar Asche, the Queen asked several questions about the dolls in the wonderful scene from "Chu Chin Chow"—perfect to the smallest detail. Historical scenes and well-known personages shown by Lady Reading and Lady Newnes also greatly pleased the royal visitor. Many and most distinguished people looked with keenest interest at the little reproductions of themselves during the week, and there was a hope that the exhibition might be extended beyond the 20th. The difficulty seemed to be that the Duchess of Marlborough had only been lent her own house by the American Commission to which she had lent it, and that only for a stated time.

No more fascinating study of French dress in the nineteenth century could be desired than that afforded by the dollies. It deserves a day's inspection all to itself. Several of the visitors and section-holders are of opinion that a large number of the exhibits—the Army, Navy, Air Service, Personages, and the French dress—should be



A SMART COSTUME.

It is made of tan cloth, and shows one of the fashionable waistcoats. The tunic is edged with skunk—the whole forming an eminently up-to-date and desirable garment.

bought for the nation to form the nucleus of a Children's War-Time Museum.

It continues to be the smart thing to use fur-trimming on ethereal materials; so much so even as tulle. This must be of substantial make if it is suitably to bear its richness. The other evening at a jubilant little dinner at one of our luxurious restaurants, a tall, slender, dark woman wore a pleated skirt of sulphur-coloured panne. There was a waist-band of satin, tangerine in colour, fastened at one side with a great clasp of clouded amber. The bodice-folds of panne were pulled pinafore-like over the shoulders. The *cachet* of the gown was a loose coat of russet-red tulle, or possibly Brussels net. It had a high collar at the back, cuffs, and a wide band round the hem of soft brown fur which looked like Kolinsky sable. A long chain of amber beads was the only ornament. Many admiring glances were thrown at that dress and its wearer.

Women who kept their hair toned by occasional skilled care, and frequent washings in champagne, were hard put to it during the war. Champagne was indeed, as it now is, liquid gold. Many a pre-war sunny coiffure now wears a wintry and a silvered aspect. It is not unbecoming, according with the lines that war has marked in faces. Men who have been through the mill find something more soothing and sympathetic in the silvered locks and serious faces of their wives than in the sunny hair and smooth countenances which they wore before the catastrophe, and which husbands immensely admired then. It is the way we look at things that matters; and the war's marks are on us all. They are not unbecoming to women on the whole; and a number will, of course, gradually recover with some skilled assistance and more gold available from the cellars of Rheims.

We are all looking forward to the children having a Merry Christmas, such as has been impossible for the past four years. They are just coming—and come home from school—with the full feeling of victory in their minds. They can have pantomimes, shows of many kinds, parties shorn of cream ices; but the youngsters will be quite pleased with the water variety if they are nice, and we are promised "simple" confectionery. There is no lack of furnishing for Christmas-trees, and the trees themselves are also forthcoming. Dancing to rag-time is far more suitable for youngsters than to the strains of the valse and quadrille. Fancy dress is a joy to children; and there are no such successful masqueraders as they are. The shops will be bright, and the youngsters must have a memory of Peace Christmas which will quite obliterate any that it was not also one of plenty. A. E. L.



Diamond Crescent Ring, with Diamond Shoulders. £125.0.0



Ruby and Diamond Long Oval Cluster Ring. £35.0.0



Diamond, Pearl and White Enamel Bangle. £11.10.0



Pearl & Sapphire Earrings. £7.7.0 per pair.



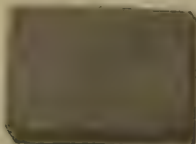
Pearl Heart Pendant. £5.0.0



Keyless Lever Watch, Fully Jewelled, Compensation Balance, Diamonds set in Platinum, with Carved Crystal Front, mounted on Black Moiré Silk Strap. £165.0.0



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9-ct Gold Cigarette Box Beautifully Engraved with Ivory Inlay. Size 3 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches. £25.0.0



Jewellers BY APPOINTMENT to H.M. the King.

Christmas

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have made a great effort to offer Christmas stocks of the most varied and complete description for the selection of Gifts. Buyers should, however, be warned to make an alternative choice, in case of short supply, as the demand for advertised articles is expected to be exceptionally large. Such shortness of supply would only be the result of War conditions. All articles are of highest quality and the best value.

Selections will be sent for approval if desired, carriage paid and at the Company's risk; or a Christmas Catalogue may be had post free on application.

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..... You've seen it through !

You don't want to talk about it. You don't want to think about it. You just want to lean back and feel that the day you've been dreaming of since that first August of 1914 has come at long last.

It's good to be alive. It's good to be with her. It's good to sit at home, lazily watching the smoke curl up from your Kenilworth Cigarette,

and enjoying the flavour of that wonderful golden tobacco that suits the hour so well.

Peace finds Kenilworth Cigarettes unchanged, in size.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginian Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/4 for 20, 3/3 for 50, 6/6 for 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/9 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—14, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

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Manufacturers of High-class Cigarettes.

LITERATURE.

"In face of what has transpired, the public are apt to overlook the fact that our Fleet in August 1914 was barely, if at all, sufficient for our needs." This striking sentence is taken from the opening chapter of "Sea Fights of the Great War," by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., M. F. Wren, and others (Cassell). The sub-title of the book explains that it deals with "Naval Incidents during the First Nine Months," and it is a pity that the main title should suggest more than the volume has to offer. There are twenty-four colour-plates by Mr. Wyllie, together with a number of black-and-white drawings and maps; all these reproductions are excellent. Needless to tell Mr. Wyllie's admirers that he has given plenty of colour and atmosphere; to the full extent that the size of the page allows, the illustrations satisfy. The book is pleasantly written in chatty fashion. It is well suited to the needs of those who take an abiding interest in the Navy while knowing little of its life and management, and are grateful to writers

or compilers who will tell them the most thrilling tales about the men who go down to the sea in ships.

The story may be said to open with Prince Louis of Battenberg's order to the Fleet, dated July 26, 1914, to stand fast until further orders. On the 29th the First Fleet was on its way to war stations. Then the narrative follows the early months of war in the Bight of Heligoland, the Mediterranean, off Samoa, Coronel, Falkland Islands, and the Dogger Bank, and back again to the Mediterranean. The full and true recital of the adventures of the *Göeben* and *Breslau* is not to be found on the pages devoted to their journey *en route* to Constantinople, but perhaps the time has not come to tell it. In the selection of the letter-press Mr. Wyllie has been discriminating and fortunate; official telegrams and extracts from papers unknown in this country are blended with intimate details of a sailor's life in war time, these last being in all probability founded upon personal narratives. When we remember the enormous field of naval operations, and their varying nature, the effort required to make a fairly consecutive story will be apparent. The special interest to the reader comes as he realises how one after another of the outposts of Empire were torn from the enemy. Resistance was always brave and efficient within the limits of equipment, but it did not suffice in any single instance.

Germany had not found the time when she challenged civilisation to consolidate her colonial position, and under the skilled pressure of the British Navy it crumbled to ruin. When her colonial weakness is recognised, and Mr. Wyllie's book helps recognition, it is apparent that Germany, from the beginnings of the war, must have recognised the hopelessness of the struggle. Her statesmen looked to the Peace Conference to render nugatory the swift effectiveness of the British Navy.

If the worst came to the worst, there was always the appeal *ad misericordiam*—the claim that no great Empire may be deprived of raw material and continue to pay her way. "You will always be fools and we shall never be gentlemen," said a German officer to

his captors early in the war. If he was right, it may well be that the work Mr. Wyllie has pictured and described will prove less effective than we have the right to expect.

"Russia's Decline and Fall."

This work by Princess Catherine Radziwill (Cassell) is a piece of tolerably competent

journalism—perhaps nothing less, and certainly nothing more. Its sub-title, "The Secret History of a Great Dénâcle" (*sic*), is distinctly misleading, for there is nothing more secret in the book than there is in the exterior of St. Paul's Cathedral. The publishers say that the manuscript was delivered between July 1915 and January 1916, and find "great prescience" in the following passage of a letter from the author: "I feel it [my book] may help to explain some other momentous events which I foresee, and of which it seems to me that the dawn is at hand." Apart from this sentence, we find no example of prescience in the two hundred and fifty pages of "secret history." We find copious extracts from newspapers, a chronicle of military events known to all the world, copies of proclamations and speeches, extracts from letters written by friends of the author who remain anonymous. The Grand Duke Nicholas is very severely criticised, and Princess Radziwill is good enough to explain to him on several occasions where his mistakes were made and what the correct strategy would have been.

She praises the abominably reactionary President of the Council and Prime Minister Gorémkin, at once the laughing-stock and stumbling-block of Progressive Russia; she finds that General Soukhomlinoff, ex-Minister of War—who is accepted to-day as one of the betrayers of Russia, and has been tried for his offences—was a

(Continued overleaf.)



AN ARAB LEADER IN LONDON: H.R.H. PRINCE FEISAL.

H.R.H. Prince Feisal, son of the King of Hedjaz, and commander of the Arab Northern Army, has been received by the King at Buckingham Palace, and has made a short stay in London. He is at present in Scotland, and will also visit the Grand Fleet. [Photograph by L.N.A.]

ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR: CAPT. C. WESTCOTT, M.C.

Capt. C. Westcott, M.C., West Yorks Regiment, was educated at Allyn's School, Dulwich, and the City of London School. He died of wounds received on active service.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

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A SOCIETY WOMAN'S TOILET TABLE.

By "ESTELLE."

I WAITED in a charming boudoir while a slim parlourmaid hurried away to announce my arrival.

I had not seen Juliette since we both left school, though we had corresponded all the time, and it was with a tiny feeling of shyness that I prepared to meet my friend as the wife of an English peer. She must have changed, I supposed. I remembered her at eighteen as a merry but rather unprepossessing schoolgirl, dressed in the ugly convent uniform, her straight, straggling hair brushed straight back from the forehead, with the sallow skin which so many French girls possess. Her charm of manner and her great dark eyes with their long, curling lashes were, indeed, a counter-attraction, but the very length of those lashes was the sign of too-rapidly growing hair, and a dark, downy growth spoiled her pretty mouth. I could see no photograph in the room which looked in the least like Juliette.

The door opened, and a lovely woman, dressed in a filmy "tea-frock," came in. I was conscious of a sort of soft rush, and realised dimly that Juliette was embracing me.

"My dear-est Helen," she exclaimed, with that pretty difficulty with her "r's" that I remembered so well. "You do not recognise me, no?"

She stepped back, laughing. "I don't believe I do," I said. "How lovely you've grown."

She had. Her skin was as clear as a child's, the downy growth had entirely disappeared. I had never noticed what a pretty mouth she had. There was a tiny flush in her cheeks which was delightfully becoming, and which gave value to her shining, dark eyes, whose lashes seemed longer than ever. Her hair was no longer strained back from her forehead, but waved round her face in enchanting little curls.

"Come and take your things on," she smiled, and led me to her pretty bedroom.

As I took off my hat and tidied my hair, I looked round for a powder-puff. The dressing-table was strewn with gold-topped jars and flasks, but there was not a sign of powder or puff anywhere.

Juliette saw my dismay and laughed.

"I gave up powder some time ago when I was a V.A.D. I had to get used to avoiding it as unsuitable. Have some clemintine instead."

She offered me a slim bottle full of a rosy liquid.

"Rub it on your skin; you won't want any powder. It won't make you pink, it that's what you're afraid of."

I applied a little, and was delighted with the result: my skin felt beautifully cool and velvety—and looked it.

"Where do you get it?" I asked. "I suppose it's horribly expensive?"

"I make it," she explained, "for two shillings and sixpence; I buy a packet of clemintine at the chemist's, pr-etty-stuff, like pink sugar. I dissolve it in water, and, *voilà*, two bottles of the nicest beauty lotion I know of."

"Whatever's this?" I asked.

"That is pheninol," she said. "He smells dreadful, but he is my very good friend. You remember I had such an ugly moustache? Well, I used pheninol once, and it all came out, never hurting my skin a bit, though maman made me try all sorts of painful things before. Then I put on a little tekko paste, and I have never been troubled with superfluous hair since. Hair is so funny, isn't it? It grows in all the *wrong* places, and then gets thin on one's head. Mine got thin, but since I used a tonic made of boranum (you can get it at the chemist's) and bay rum it has grown so nice and thick. Maman uses bay rum, too, but she prefers to dissolve tannin in it, and all that grey hair has quite disappeared. Her hair looks just like mine—of course, we both shampoo with stallax granules, there's nothing so delightfully cleansing."

I came across a jar filled with a white substance like solidified cold cream.

"What's this, Juliette? Forgive my horrid curiosity, but I'm most dreadfully inquisitive about your beauty secrets."

"Just plain ordinary mercolised wax. Never heard of it? Well, I couldn't do without it. A very clever person who knew I was fond of those scented creams one pays such atrocious prices for, once said to me, 'No wonder you've a bad skin; it doesn't get a chance to breathe; you clog all the pores with waste matter, and your skin turns yellow and shrivels up just like a plant without water.' That set me thinking; now, instead of adding to my skin, I take away from it. Subtract your skin and the answer is a nice complexion," she laughed. "Mercolised wax absorbs all the ugly, soiled outer cuticle, invisibly and painlessly, of course, and leaves the nice, fresh new skin underneath. Isn't it wonderful?"

I was amazed. "But where do you get it?" I asked.

"Any little chemist has it in stock; you've only got to ask for it. Oh, I must tell you about *stymol*. Do you remember I was always getting those hateful blackheads, besides having a face that shone like luminous paint in the dark? I've discovered that they are simply the result of enlarged pores. I bought some *stymol* tablets—you see, I always keep some by me—and I dissolved one in water, bathing my face in the sparkling mixture. The blackheads were loosened at once and came right out on the towel. Now, I bathe my face from time to time with this lotion, and I find that it closes the pores. I never suffer from oiliness or blackheads now."



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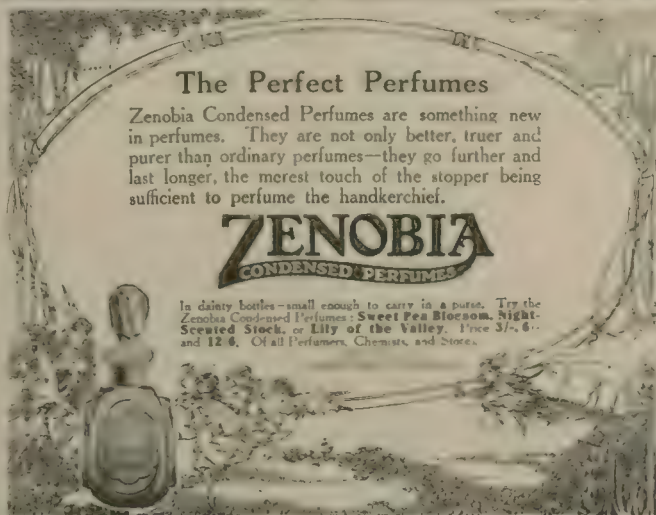
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ZENOBBIA

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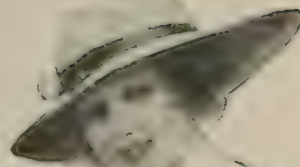
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is a natural skin food and emollient, which takes away all the tell-tale traces of housework—red and roughened hands, etc. It is a thing which every housewife should know about. The work must be done, but you can use LA-ROLA and yet retain a complexion and hands second to none for softness and daintiness.

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It is so good that all chemists and stores sell it.

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plain handkerchiefs for the children, and lace and embroidered titles for the ladies—and all are offered at makers' prices. An example:—No. 62.—Ladies' fine Linen Cambrus fancy-stitched Handkerchiefs, about 13 1/2 in. Price List 1/- 17/9 per doz.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Tumult."

The quarrel between Nature and an over-civilised society raises tumult in the hearts of the young, and Miss Gabrielle Vallings enlarges on the subject. She makes play with no less a personage than the great god Pan himself, drawing a

pastures, and the aristocratic community whose conventions they challenge with so much audacity. A Futurist freak, decadent and impudent, is one of the chief characters in the book. Seen across the gulf between 1913 and to-day, he seems a preposterous jackanapes; but Miss Vallings is right in allowing the society of his extinct era to take him seriously. "Tumult" (Hutchinson) is theatrical in its situations, and its people are sometimes bombastic, and not infrequently tiresome; but it has plenty of vigour and purple patches. It is not quite easy to forecast the writer's place among the novelists of the near future. She has ability that may take her far.

"Gudrid
the Fair."

Mr. Maurice Hewlett pursues his adaptation of Ice-

landic legends to the taste of the twentieth-century novel-reader—an individual who might be found indifferent to them in the form of the original sagas. He is (or he used to be) an alert psychologist, and with the best will in the world, and in spite of what he says, is to be found "implicit in the saga-history," there is not much room for a psychological expansion of the original story. Mr. Hewlett contends, indeed, that when you come to know the persons of these far-off tales you can find as much as you want, or choose to put there; but we do not think he has proved his case. The goodness of Gudrid is too passive to establish it. "Gudrid the Fair" (Constable) is full of interest; but we are afraid that is chiefly because the sagas are a sealed book to us, and here is Mr. Hewlett, with all powers of the novelist, opening the hidden page and making play with the romance of the Norsemen's discovery of America, and of the many

men who wooed and loved a certain fair and virtuous woman. Also there is a fascination in the northern atmosphere, the sea, and the landscape where the play is staged. It is a big, clean world that lies spread before us, where men have room to live and courage is as needful as wits.

perfectly honest man. We can only imagine that the Princess has other gifts than prescience, or possesses information that the leading authorities must remain content to live without. At the same time, let it be confessed that the odd jumble of facts and opinions that goes to the making of this book does present occasional glimpses of Russia waging war against Germans without and corruption within. The defeats in East Prussia, the short-lived triumph in Galicia, and the whirlwind campaign directed by General Mackensen bulk largely in the narrative; and we see the "old gang" prosecuting, proselytising, and thieving when it should have been getting on with the war. There is nothing very secret about this; recent events in Russia have made it such ancient history that, if the publisher's hand the manuscript in hand nearly three years ago, it is a pity that they have kept it until the fine flavour of novelty has evaporated.

Of the late Tsar the author writes with the greatest admiration and sympathy. To her at least he is a heroic figure, though evidence in support of the attitude is to seek. The dark influences that surrounded the throne do not intrude into the pages of this "secret history." It is not to be doubted that many thousands of intelligent Russians believed that the world war would result in a speedy triumph for the Russian arms, and in the further strengthening of a régime that was deliberately strangling progress. To-day we are faced by conditions that appear in many aspects to be even more disastrous to Russia's countless millions, though it is reasonable to hope and believe that they will have a far shorter lease of life. There is no sign in the pages before us that the author's "prescience" stretched in their direction, and with the best will it is impossible to regard "Russia's Decline and Fall" as a serious or enduring contribution to the history of the war.



"VIVE L'AMERIQUE!" UNITED STATES TROOPS ENTERING LUXEMBOURG—THE MARCH-PAST BEFORE THE GRAND DUCHESS AND GENERAL PERSHING.

General Pershing entered Luxembourg on November 22 with the 18th Regiment of Infantry, 1st American Division. In the group on the balcony of the Palace the young Grand Duchess of Luxembourg is seen standing next to General Pershing, who is the third figure from the left.—[Photograph by U.S. Signal Corps.]

measure of her inspiration, perhaps, from Stevenson's vision of Pan's pipes and the hoof stamping in the night thicket. Her drama is staged in modern France (1913), and she is able to furnish effective contrasts between the Australians, old and young, fresh from their illimitable

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Jubol can be taken without altering the daily routine, and is an ideal laxative for travellers.

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Price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 29/6). Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists, or direct, post free, 5/- & 30/-, from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists, 104, Piccadilly, London, W.1, from whom can also be obtained, post free, explanatory literature.

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Dissolves Stones.



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Those who know and realise the pain and distress of uric acid diseases might well look upon URODONAL as the gift of an angel sent to relieve their sufferings, and safeguard them against future attacks of their dread enemy.

Give him a
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Your Victory-Year Xmas Gift for him.



THIS year will see a glad revival of the old Christmas spirit—Peace on earth and goodwill towards men.

A determination that the time-honoured practice of exchanging greetings and sending Yuletide gifts to friends shall come into free operation again.

A desire too, to exchange gifts that will link themselves up to the most stirring Christmas within

living memory—and go forward to endure as the Peace will endure.

A Gillette Safety Razor as a Victory-year gift will be very much more than a mere expression of goodwill.

It will be a practical Peace-Xmas offering which he will use every day—which will still be in his service next year and every year—which will always carry his memory back to you as the giver and to the year which gave us the Great Peace.

Make quite sure that you get the Gillette Safety Razor and genuine Gillette blades.

Here and there you will find a dealer who will tell you that some other razor is "just-as-good," but he knows—no one better—that the only razor that is or can be just as good as the Gillette is another Gillette.

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NO STROPPING NO HONING

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is the result of almost a century's experience in the art of whisky blending, and its delicate flavour and delightful bouquet are evidence

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The whiskies in its composition are of great age, and immense reserves ensure that "Iona" will not deviate one particle from the outstanding qualities which have for so long distinguished it.

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"King's Head" is similar but stronger
Both are sold everywhere at 1/4d per oz.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES
(MEDIUM)

5½d for 10—11d for 20

Boxes of 50 2½—100 4/3

"THE SAD YEARS."

TENDERNESS and pathos have never found more delicate expression than in the poems of Mrs. Clement Shorter (Dora Sigerson) whose death last January silenced one of the sweetest of Irish singers. "The Sad Years" (Constable) is a posthumous volume of poems written during the war. In a charming, but too brief, prefatory tribute her friend Katharine Tynan writes: "Her breakdown in health was sudden. She attributed it herself to her intense and isolated suffering—isolated beyond the perfectly apathy of her devoted husband—over the events following Easter Week 1916 in Dublin, and the troubles which menaced the country she adored. . . . And so she died, as she would have chosen to die, for love of the Dark Rosaleen." There is no element of political bitterness in her verse; her feeling for Ireland is rather the passionate regret of an exile for home and childhood's happy memories, and a deep love of her country's natural beauty, the call of the hills and lakes and windy shores. But something more than mere personal nostalgia is the burden of her song. Her heart was oppressed by the tragedy of war in all the world; she felt the agony of the wounded, and the misery of the refugees; she wept with weeping mothers—

Who on the battlefield in spirit go
Without the war's red splendour or renown.

Out of the fullness of her sympathy she cries to God to end it all

Is this, indeed, Thy man that Thou hast made,
Is this Thy likeness, and these Thy ways?
Oh, Lord of pity, quench these flaming hours,
Restore to peace these sad and tortured years,
Wherewith Thou breakest the frail heart of man
Or he the heart of God.

She finds to like other poets, in communion with nature, whose moods she paints with an exquisite touch.

The soft little hands of the ram stroked my pale cheek,
The kind little feet of the ram ran by my side.

The love of children, implied in this characteristic metaphor, is another constant motif, as in "A Song for Evaleen," and many incidental passages, like that in the last poem, which calls up a vision of a future when the griefs of to-day will all be forgotten—

Babes in their golden hour,
Seeking some hidden flower,
Will, in those years afar,
Play on the fields of war.

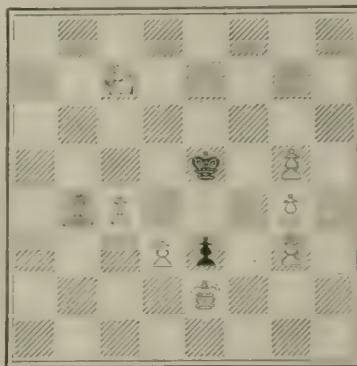
A portrait of the author, wherein we recognise that "suggestion of the Greek Hermes" mentioned by Mrs. Tynan, forms the frontispiece of a book which will be

treated by all lovers of sincere and heartfelt poetry, as the last utterance of a rare and beautiful spirit.

Crackers are greatly in demand for the festivities of the present season, which have received such unexpected stimulus from the sudden conclusion of the war. In fact, these famous purveyors of these mirthful and innocuous "munitions," Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., find regretfully that their supply is quite inadequate, in quantity, to meet the public demand caused by the cessation of hostilities and the Christmas rejoicings. Nevertheless, they have provided, for those lucky enough to obtain them, their accustomed assortment of excellent crackers, and other accessories of the festive board, such as flags and surprise stockings, in profuse variety to suit purses of every length. One delightful set of crackers is adorned with realistic rosebuds. Others bound to be popular are the "Britain's Navy," "Tank," and "Searchlights of Love." There are also delightful boxes of Japanese and Dutch crackers, and others specially attractive to the children, such as the "Penguin," "Hats and Caps," and "The Cracker Brigade."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 3900.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3798.—By G. STELLINGMAAT JOHNSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 3rd. K takes R
2. Kt to B 5th (ch), and mates next move.

If black play, 1. K to B 3rd, 2. R to B 4th (ch); and if 1. Kt P move, then 2. K to Kt 5th, etc.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at New York in the Championship tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club between Messrs. J. R. CAPABLANCA and F. J. MARSHALL.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles B to K 2nd
6. R to K sq P to Q Kt 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd Castles
8. P to B 3rd P to Q 4th

This is quite new in the defence to the Ray Lopez, and White afterwards stated he had never met it before. It leaves all the marks of careful preparation, and opens the way for some surprising developments.

9. P takes P Kt takes P
10. Kt takes P Kt takes Kt
11. R takes Kt

It does not immediately appear what advantage Black gains by his sacrifice of a Pawn; but the inventive subtlety of the American master soon discloses itself.

12. R to K sq B to Q 3rd
13. P to K R 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
The counter-attack bursts with characteristic impetuosity. To take the Kt is fatal: for if 14. P takes K, B takes P, 16. P takes B, Q takes P (ch), 17. K to B sq, B takes P, and wins.
14. Q to B 3rd Q to R 5th
15. P to Q 4th

It is difficult which to admire most: the energy and audacity of the attack, or the cool, deadly accuracy of the defence. R to K 8th is here a very tempting stroke, but it is brilliantly answered by B to Kt 2nd, 16. R takes K R (ch), R takes R, 17. Q takes Kt, R to K sq, 18. K to B sq, Q to K 2nd, 19. Q to Q sq, Q takes P (ch) Resigns.

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
15. K to Kt 5th, 20. P to B 3rd, Q to K 4th, and wins.
16. R to K 2nd
Again the Kt cannot be taken without disaster.
17. B to Kt 5th
18. P takes B B to R 7th (ch)
19. R takes Kt Q to R 8th (ch)
20. R to K 2nd B takes R

Q takes B is the better move, as it is more restrictive of White's liberty.

B to Q 2nd B to R 5th
22. Q to R 3rd Q R to K sq (ch)
23. K to Q 3rd Q to B 8th (ch)
24. K to B 2nd

The White King now reaches a safe refuge, and his reserve force-wooding into action complete the enemy's discomfiture.

24. B to B 7th
25. Q to B 3rd Q to Kt 8th
26. B to Q 5th P to B 4th
27. P takes P B takes P
28. P to Q Kt 4th B to Q 3rd
29. P to R 4th P to Q 4th
30. P takes Kt P takes P
31. R to R 6th P takes P
32. Kt takes P B to Kt 5th
33. P to Kt 6th B takes Kt
34. B takes B P to R 3rd
35. P to Kt 7th R to K 6th
36. B takes P (ch)

The ending is a worthy pendant to one of the finest games of recent years, magnificently fought on both sides.

R takes B
37. P to Kt 8 (Q)
(ch) K to R 2nd
38. R takes P (ch) Resigns.

The first General Election in which women have taken part as voters has come and gone, and all the fears and fancies of the old-fashioned people who anticipated trouble proved uncalled for. The woman-voter exercised her new right with quiet satisfaction, evidently glad, and a little proud, that at long last her sex has been credited with sense enough to take part in the governing of the land they live in.



NURSE: He wants to smoke.

DOCTOR: Well—let it be something that is good and non-irritating to the throat, such as Morris's "Yellow Seal."

This little incident is one that expresses in a few words the peculiar merits of these distinctive Cigarettes. Whether in convalescence or in ordinary health the fastidious and discriminating smoker will be charmed and delighted with their mellow richness and refined flavour.

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BELGIUM



AMONG all the nations who have fought for the great cause of humanity, none has suffered more terribly than our gallant ally Belgium. Throughout the four long years during which their country has been overrun and wantonly devastated by the enemy, the plight of her people—men, women, and children—has been almost indescribable. No words can ever express the gratitude the world owes to that brave race, who in 1914, when the whole of civilisation was at stake, were the first to hurl themselves fearlessly into the breach, and by so doing lost everything save their soul.

SEND A VICTORY GIFT TO
BELGIUM'S STARVING CHILDREN

One of the greatest anxieties throughout these terrible days is the welfare of the young children of Belgium. To keep them from literal starvation the "Working Men's Belgian Fund" were appointed delegates to a children's fund under the presidency of H.S.H. Princess A. de Ligne. This branch sends sick and debilitated children from Belgium to various Hostels established by the Fund, where they are fed, clothed, and medically cared for until restored to health.

To carry on this most necessary work, funds are urgently needed, and all subscriptions and donations will be most gratefully received. Remittances should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer.

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Mr. Hunt died suddenly soon afterwards, and as it was impossible for the fund had been transferred. As there was no provision in the will for giving effect to his intention the Mercantile Marine Service Association for the benefit of seafaring men and women.

Mr. Hunt, the secretary of the Association, states that applications have been received from about 100 apparently eligible and deserving candidates, though under the circumstances the amount of the Association have no fund to distribute.

This must be rectified.

A contribution, however small, from every reader of this paper will enable us to provide for these brave and deserving men. You alone know what your share should be—just send it along with the form below!

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To the SECRETARY, Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Building, Water Street, LIVERPOOL (Incorporated by special Act of Parliament). In appreciation of the gallant efforts and noble sacrifices of our Merchant Seamen, I enclose the sum of £ : : , towards the funds of your Association.

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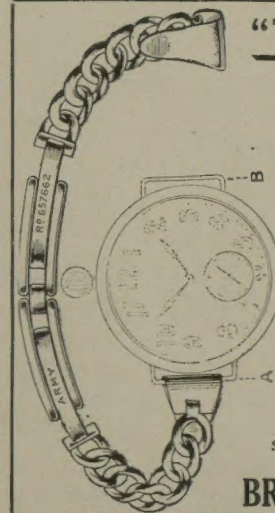
Moreover, the spiral gold springs with which these connections are fitted are so enclosed that they do not catch the small hairs on the wrist.

The Band has a life many times that of the best leather strap. We do know that this Wristlet is really good, but, to satisfy your own self, why not have it on approval? You have only to give us the width of your watch from A to B in the accompanying illustration, send a strip of paper the total circumference of your wrist, enclose the price with postage 6d., and by return will come a Band the proper fit for YOU.

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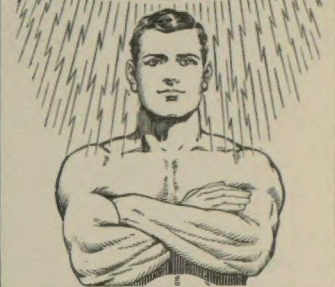
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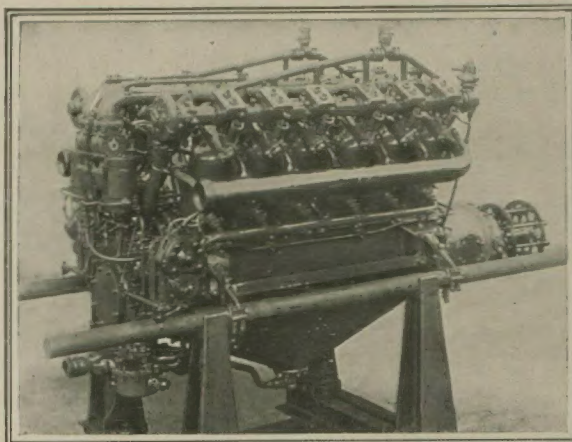
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Post-War Programmes.

The end of the war has, naturally, set everyone hard at work on the preparation of programmes for peace trade. Unfortunately, however, the need for continuing the war effort right up to the striking of the twelfth hour has resulted in all our industries being left with all the work of reorganisation and reconstruction still to do; so that it must, as a matter of course, be some months before peace policies can materialise to any extent. During the past week I have been engaged in a series of visits to some of the principal motor and aircraft factories in which so much has been done during the past four years towards establishing that vast technical superiority which assisted so materially in the victory of the Allies. Among the visits I have paid was one to the Siddeley-Deasy works at Coventry. Early in the war the company was engaged on the production of cars for our own and the Russian Governments, but in December of 1914 the building of an aeroplane factory was begun. At that time the number of hands employed was about 400, but so enormous has been the growth during the past four years that at the signing of the Armistice there were between 5000 and 6000 on the pay-roll, of whom over 1000 were women; while the floor-space occupied is 12½ times that of 1914. For the past three years the company has been concentrated on the production of aeroplanes and aero-engines, and with remarkable results. The total output for the war

period of engines and spare parts therefore has amounted to 1,750,000-h.p., which is probably greater than that of any other single firm in the country. In addition, the company has manufactured over 1000 aeroplanes of the

"R.E.7" and "R.E.8" type, besides developing designs of its own engineering staff for artillery-observation machines, fighting scouts, and a large bombing machine which can be converted to commercial use later on. So far as concerns the transition from war to peace activity, I understand that the company is quite ready with its plans for getting back to the manufacture of the Siddeley-Deasy car as soon as the Government releases the necessary plant and labour. Necessarily, it will take time to get things running smoothly, and it will be midsummer of next year before any number of cars can be available for delivery—and the company will do very well to get so far forward in the time available.



A WONDERFUL MOTOR ENGINE USED IN THE WAR: THE FALCON.

The Rolls-Royce Falcon engine, of which we give a side-view of the carburettor-end, has been in use in very large numbers in Bristol Fighters during the war. Mechanical failure in the air has been almost unknown in the case of this wonderful motor.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Rolls-Royce in the War.

Another great works I have visited recently is the Rolls-Royce establishment at Derby. It must be nearly ten years since I had the last opportunity of going over this wonderful factory, and I confess I should not have known it again. Almost literally, it has grown from square yards to acres; there has been not so much change as a complete revolution. To me the visit was of more than ordinary interest, because of the close association I had during the war with the Rolls-Royce car, of which I have had something to say in these pages in times past. I must confess, though, to some feeling of disappointment that I found the whole place devoted to the making of aero-engines. True, it was all marvellously interesting; but I know the car so well and the aero-engine so little

(Continued overleaf)



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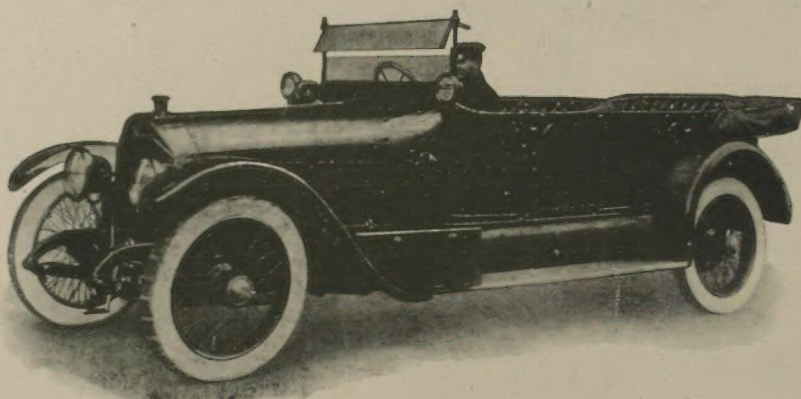
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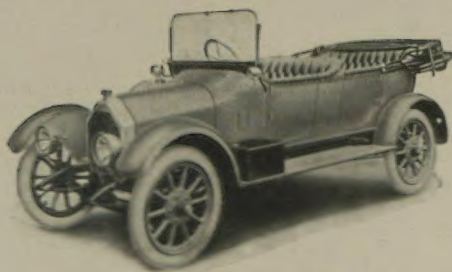
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Continued.
that I seemed to miss an old friend from its one-time familiar surroundings. Still, as even Rolls-Royce have learnt many valuable lessons during the war, and as the results of those lessons will of a surety assist in the making of the best better still, it is interesting to record some of the more outstanding facts in connection with the war work of Rolls-Royce. Starting at the outbreak of the war with a staff of 1800, reduced by enlistments to 1350, at the end of hostilities the firm's employees numbered 8650. At first the company built armoured cars for the Admiralty—and the record of those cars has been simply wonderful, as I have good reason to know. Later, the production of aero-engines was undertaken, and the record of the Rolls-Royce engines has been equal to that of their cars, which is saying a good deal. The "Eagle" was the first, which in 1916 was a motor of 266-h.p. Keeping to the same dimensions, progressive improvement in detail enabled the company to secure a power output of 360-h.p. last February. A later type, the "Hawk," designed to be fitted into training machines, developed 91-h.p. in 1916, and, again on the same dimensions, 105-h.p. a couple of months ago. Another engine, the "Falcon," which has been mainly used in the Bristol Fighters, gave a power output in 1916 of 205-h.p.,

which has been increased so that now 285-h.p. is the figure. There is still another Rolls-Royce engine in the making, the "Condor," which is a monster of 600-h.p., whose intimate acquaintance the Germans would have made had the war lasted but a few days longer. All this progress towards the higher efficiency of the internal-combustion motor cannot but have its reflex on the car when circumstances again permit of the Rolls-Royce factories being devoted to that side of the business.

A Motor-Cycle Development.

I understand that the famous Sopwith firm is going into the business of building motor-cycles, and is coming along with something quite wonderful in the way of machines. The engine is to be an "ABC" of 3-h.p., weighing but 14 lb.; while the complete machine, with four-speed gear-box, will be about 120 lb. As to what price it is intended to market this machine at, I do not know at the moment.

The "Belgian Children's Fund" has appealed to the sympathy of all interested in the welfare of children throughout the war, and it may be pointed out that the need of the Fund and its benevolent work will not cease

with the coming of peace. The Allied cause owes a deep debt to Belgium, and many of our returned prisoners of war owe their lives to her people. It is the wise intention of the "Belgian Children's Fund" to establish hostels in Belgium to continue their good work on behalf of the child population of that country. Sick and starving children have been taken by this Fund from Belgium into Holland, where they have been restored to health before being returned to their parents; 180,000 have been spent on this good work during the past two years, and an urgent appeal for further help is now being made. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. C. Graddon, 32, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1.

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and goodwill from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd.
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